



image

10
MAY

DIGITAL
EDITION

GAH!
COLOR!

SPAWN



McFARLANE
92

image COMICS PRESENTS:

"CROSSING OVER"



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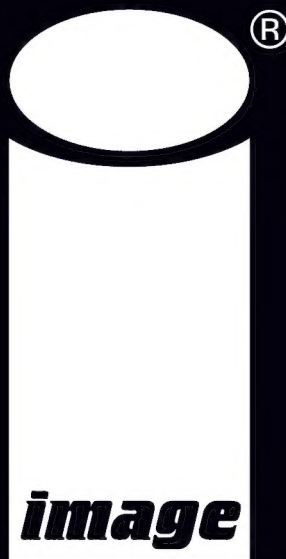
Dedicated to:
DON HECK

FOR IMAGE COMICS


LARRY MARDER - exec. director TONY LOBITO - publisher

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image



I AM SPAWN.

I AM NOT
SPAWN.

I AM
SPAWN FOR
I SHARE
ALL OF HIS
MEMORIES.

I
REMEMBER
MY/HIS
DEATH.

THE
SKELETAL
FACE WHICH
HAUNTS HIS
DAYS AND
HIS NIGHTS
HAUNTS ME
AS WELL.

I KNOW THE BURNING
GAZE OF THE VIOLATOR
AND THE STENCH OF
HIS HOT BREATH.

I KNOW WANDA
AND I KNOW CYAN.

I CAN STILL FEEL FEEL
THE ACHE OF MY (HIS)
HEART BEING RIPPED
FROM MY (HIS) CHEST.

I CAN
STILL SEE
IT BEATING
IN THE
HAND
OF THE
VIOLATOR...

...MY...
(HIS)...
HEART.



I AM NOT
SPAWN

FOR I
KNOW
MANY
THINGS
SPAWN
DOESN'T
KNOW

I KNOW THE NAMES OF
THE TWO DETECTIVES
WHO PURSUE HIM...

I KNOW WHEN AND HOW
THEY FINALLY MEET.

I KNOW WHY THE
LITTLE ONE IS
CALLED 'TWITCH'.

I KNOW THE HISTORIES OF EVERY ONE OF
HIS FRIENDS AND EVERY ONE OF HIS
ENEMIES... I KNOW THINGS ABOUT THEM...

...THAT THEY HAVE
FORGOTTEN ABOUT
THEMSELVES.

WHEN SPAWN GOES
TO AL SIMMONS'
GRAVE ONE DAY...

... AND STRIPS AWAY THE
SOD AND DIGS DOWN THROUGH
THE DARK EARTH...

... AND OPENS THE LID OF
AL SIMMONS' COFFIN...

I KNOW WHAT HE
WILL FIND THERE.

I AM NOT
SPAWN.

The panel depicts Spawn in the upper right, wearing his signature blue and black mask with glowing green eyes. A large, jagged, purple and blue object, possibly a weapon or part of his costume, dominates the left side. In the center, a large, stylized Roman numeral 'VII' is rendered in white with yellow outlines and black drop shadows. A long, skeletal, and bloody hand reaches diagonally across the frame from the bottom left towards the center. The background shows a cityscape at night with a yellow sky. In the bottom left, a figure in a red cape is visible. The overall color palette is dominated by red, black, blue, and yellow.

UNLIKE SPAWN,
I KNOW EVERY
INCH OF THE
NETWORK OF
ALLEYWAYS WHICH
CUT THROUGH THE
CITY LIKE A SCAR
THAT CAN NEVER
HEAL PROPERLY.

I KNOW THAT
THE ALLEYWAYS
EXISTED BEFORE
THE CITY
ITSELF DID.

I KNOW THE TOWER IN HELL
WHERE THE VIOLATOR DWELLS.

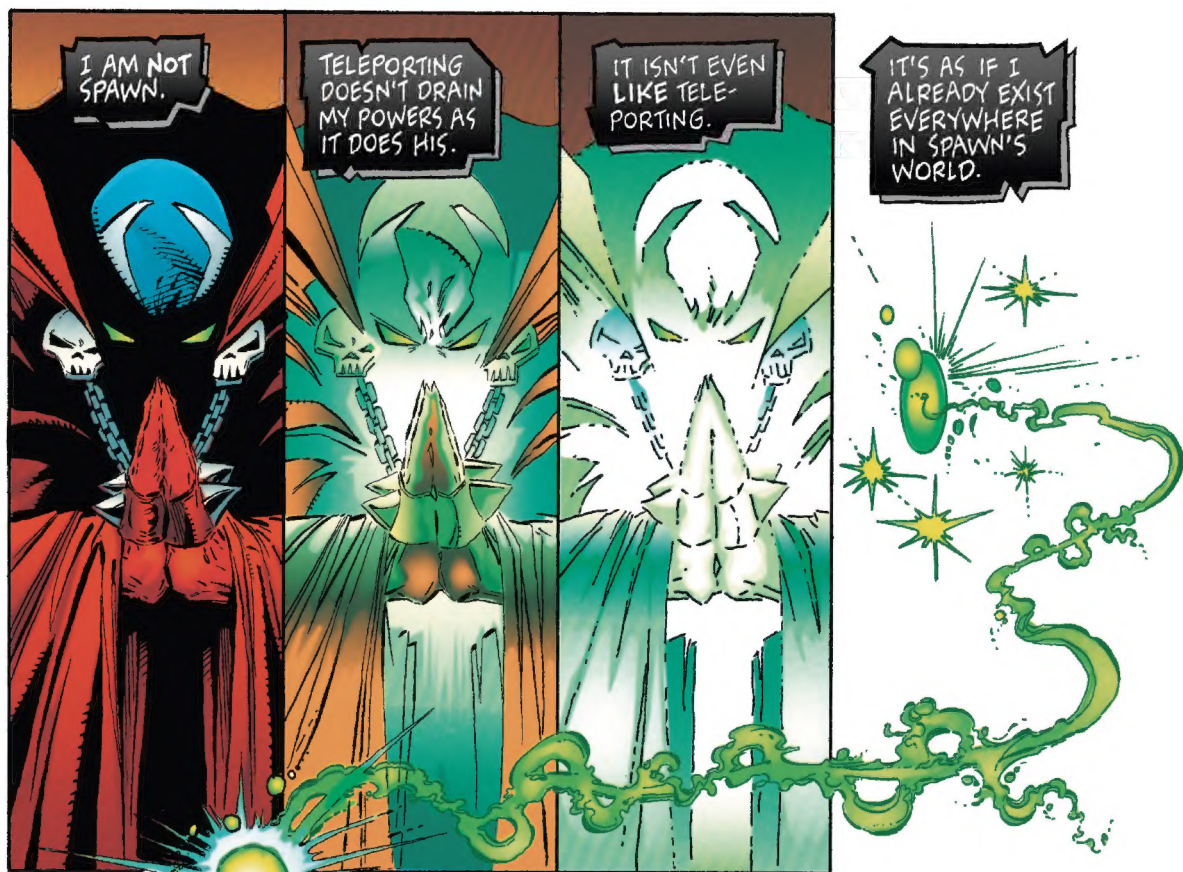
I KNOW EVERY
LEVEL OF THE
TOWER AND ALL
WHO LIVE THERE...
SCREAMING.

EVERY LEVEL.
EXCEPT...

...EXCEPT ONE.

...EXCEPT LEVEL SEVEN.

...EXCEPT
EREBUS.



IT IS THE
ALLEYWAY.

AND IT IS
NOT THE
ALLEY-
WAY.

THERE
IS A LINE
OF MEN.

THEIR
HANDS ARE
BOUND
BEHIND
THEM.

THEY ARE
HOODED.

HELPLESS.

I DON'T
KNOW
THEM...

... BUT I FEEL A
CONNECTION TO THEM.

WITHOUT
THEM.

WITHOUT THEM
SPAWN (I... HE)
COULD NOT EXIST.



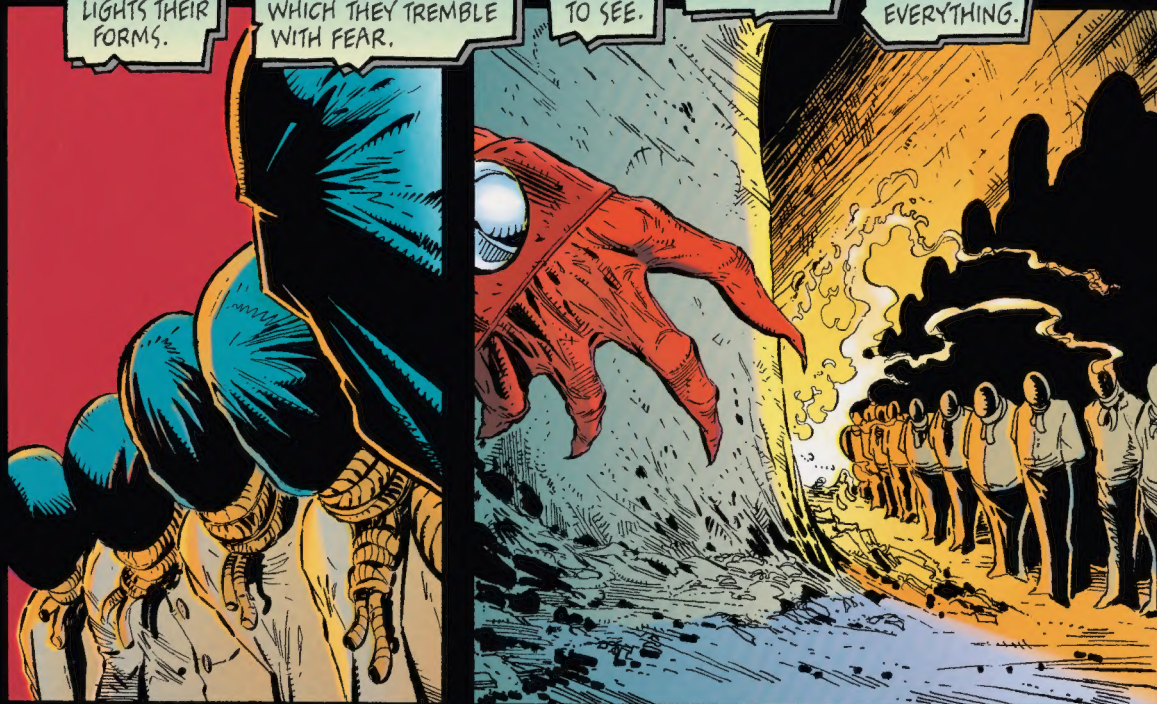
SOMETHING
(FLAMES)
LIGHTS THEIR
FORMS.

SOMETHING (TERRIBLE
FLAMES) BEFORE
WHICH THEY TREMBLE
WITH FEAR.

I DON'T
WANT
TO SEE.

BUT I LOOK
ANYWAY.

I WANT TO
KNOW
EVERYTHING.



THEY ARE JUST.
THEY ARE NOBLE.

THEY ARE
HEROES

CHAMPIONS.

WATCHMEN.

AVENGERS.

DEFENDERS.

MEN OF STEEL.

WOMEN OF
TOMORROW.

GODS OF
THUNDER.

CRUSADERS.

INJUSTICE!
(HELP US.)

INJUSTICE!
(SAVE US.)



THEY ARE JUSTICE.

THEY ARE NOBILITY.

THEY ARE TRAPPED...

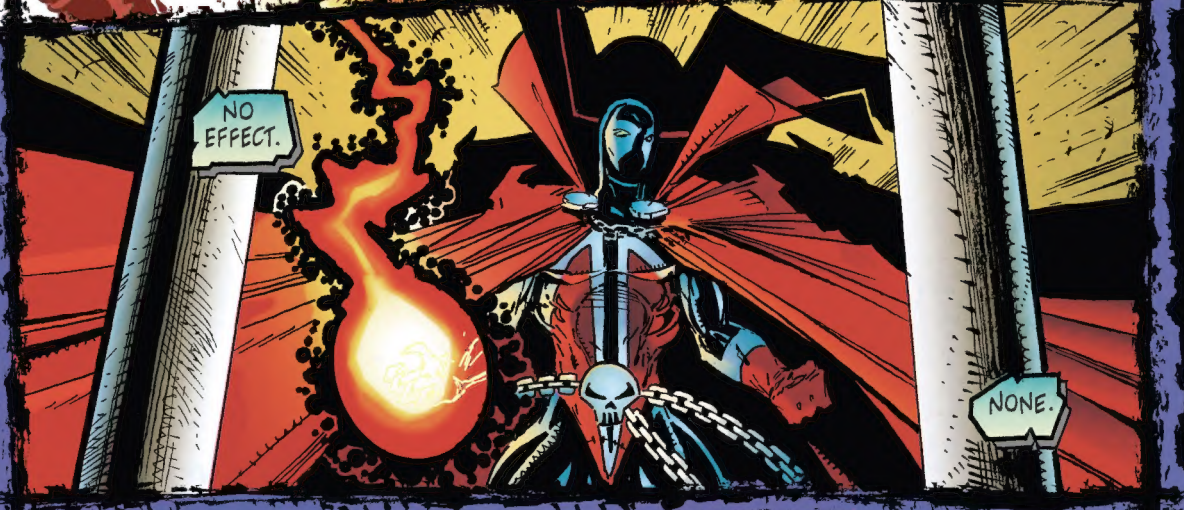
THEY ARE SCREAMING.

BEHIND ME,
THE HOODED
MEN TREMBLE.

BENEATH
THEIR HOODS
THEY ARE
WEEPING.

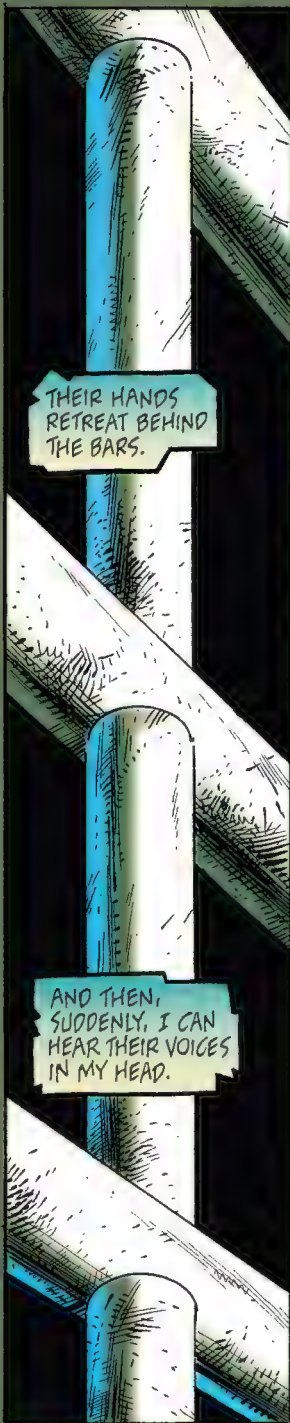
INJUSTICE!
(PLEASE.)

Nooo!



NO EFFECT.

NONE.



THEIR HANDS
RETRAIT BEHIND
THE BARS.

AND THEN,
SUDDENLY, I CAN
HEAR THEIR VOICES
IN MY HEAD.

WE ARE THE HEROES BORN
OF THE MYSTIC REALMS. OURS
IS THE POWER OF ANCIENT
WISDOM; OUR WEAPONS THE
EYES OF GODS, MAGIC RODS
TO FOCUS THE POWER OF
THE COSMOS, ANCIENT SPELLS;
WORDS THAT CAN SHIFT THE
VERY AXIS OF THE MULTIVERSE.

A HUNDRED VOICES
(TAKE OUR POWER)...

A THOUSAND VOICES
(TAKE OUR POWER)...

TEN THOUSAND
(TAKE OUR POWER)

WE ARE THE HEROES
BORN OF RADIATION.
WE CAN DEMOLISH
A CITY-BLOCK WITH
A SINGLE BLOW.

OUR POWER IS YOURS,
SPAWN. TAKE IT!




WE ARE THE
HEROES BORN OF
THE ELEMENTS
OF EARTH AND
AIR AND FIRE
AND WATER. OUR
STRENGTH IS THE
STRENGTH OF ALL
THAT EXISTS.

OUR POWER IS
YOURS, SPAWN.
TAKE IT!



OUR POWER IS
YOURS, SPAWN.

TAKE IT!

A full-page comic book illustration of the character Spawn. He is shown from the waist up, wearing his signature black mask with a wide, toothy grin and a flowing red cape. His black suit has blue gloves and a yellow '311' emblem on the chest. He is posed with his arms outstretched, palms facing forward. The background is a bright, golden-yellow sunburst or explosion. In the bottom right corner, a close-up of a blue-skinned face with glowing green eyes is visible.

AND THEN... A LONE VOICE.
A VOICE FILLED WITH HOPE
AND WITH GREAT CARING.
STRONG AND NOBLE. THE
VOICE OF HE-WHO-CAME-FIRST.

"MY PLANET EXPLODED
AND I WAS SENT TO
EARTH AS AN INFANT."

THE VOICE
IS CALM.

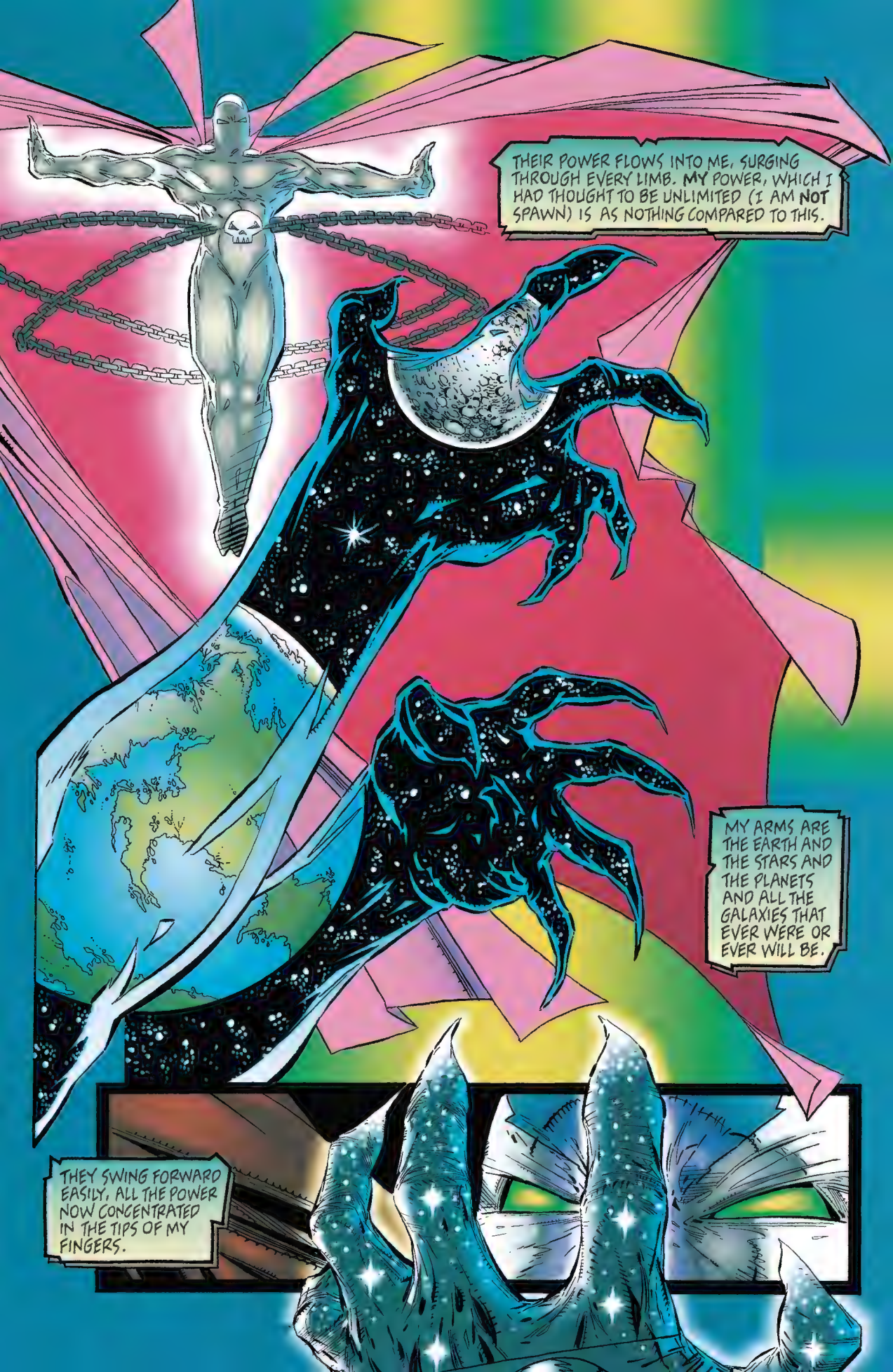
"IT'S UP TO YOU,
SPAWN. IT'S
NOW OR NEVER."

"MY POWER IS
YOURS, SPAWN."

"TAKE IT."

IN MY MIND, HE
WINKS AT ME
AND FLASHES A
BROAD SMILE.


BENEATH MY MASK,
I SMILE BACK AND
NOD, SILENTLY.



THEIR POWER FLOWS INTO ME, SURGING THROUGH EVERY LIMB. MY POWER, WHICH I HAD THOUGHT TO BE UNLIMITED (I AM NOT SPAWN) IS AS NOTHING COMPARED TO THIS.

MY ARMS ARE THE EARTH AND THE STARS AND THE PLANETS AND ALL THE GALAXIES THAT EVER WERE OR EVER WILL BE.

THEY SWING FORWARD EASILY, ALL THE POWER NOW CONCENTRATED IN THE TIPS OF MY FINGERS.



AND I STRIKE.

NO EFFECT.

NONE.

IT IS THE VIOLATOR
(IT IS NOT THE VIOLATOR).
A WOMAN'S FIGURE WITH
THE VIOLATOR'S HEAD,
BLIND-FOLDED; HOLDING
A SET OF SCALES.

IN ONE OF THE PANS,
ALL THE WEALTH OF
THE WORLD.

IN THE OTHER A
BLACK, SHRIVELLED
HEART, AWASH
IN TEARS.

YOU
FAILED,
BUDDY
BOY!

YOU
FAILED!
HA HA
HA HA
HA HA

YOU
FAILED

YOU
FAILED

YOU
FAILED!


YOU
FAILED
!!

HE WEARS A LONG DRESS
MADE OF DOLLAR BILLS.

THERE MUST BE A
BILLION OF THEM.

MORE,
PROBABLY.





AND THEN THE VIOLATOR (NOT THE VIOLATOR) IS GONE AND THERE IS ONLY ME (I AM NOT SPAWN) AND THE LINE OF HOODED MEN BEHIND ME...

...WEEPING, SOFTLY.

BEHIND THE BARS, THE STAR-CHILD; HE-WHO-CAME-FIRST; THE ONE WHO IS THE BASIS FOR US... FOR ALL OF US... SAYS ONE WORD:

DOOMSDAY.

THERE IS NO FEAR IN HIS VOICE. NO DESPAIR. IT IS A SIMPLE STATEMENT OF FACT.

AND THEN ALL IS QUIET.

THE SILENCE IS DEAFENING.

THE SILENCE IS AGONY.



SPAWN.



C'MON.

LET'S GO.



BUT I HAVE TO SAVE THEM! I...



YOU CAN'T.

IT'S BEST NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.

CEREBUS HAS BEEN HERE FIFTEEN YEARS.

CEREBUS KNOWS.



WHO...

WHO ARE THEY?

SUPER-HEROES.



AND... THESE MEN... ?

THEIR CREATORS. THE ONES WHO SOLD THEM.

LIKE CEREBUS SAID.

IT'S BEST NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.

LIKE YOU.





WHAT A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE...

YEAH. WELCOME HOME.

HOME? MY HOME?!

SUNKEN LIVING ROOM. A WHOLE BUNCH OF BEDROOMS. FIREPLACE. GRAND PIANO.

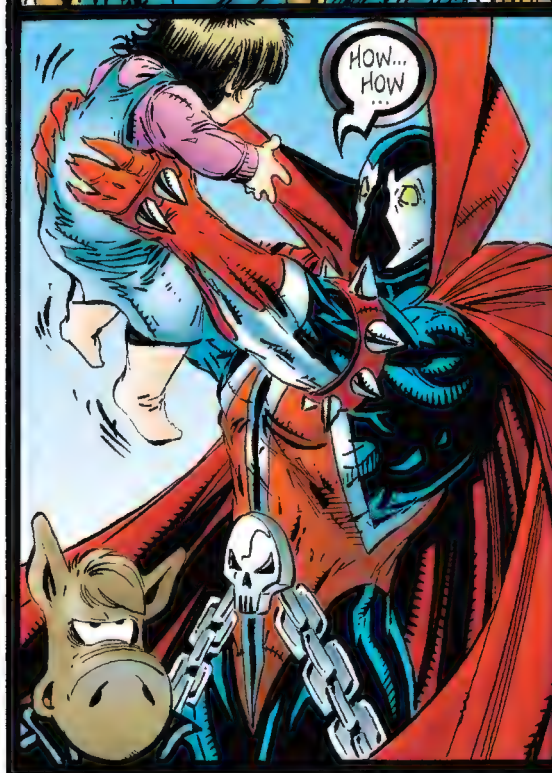
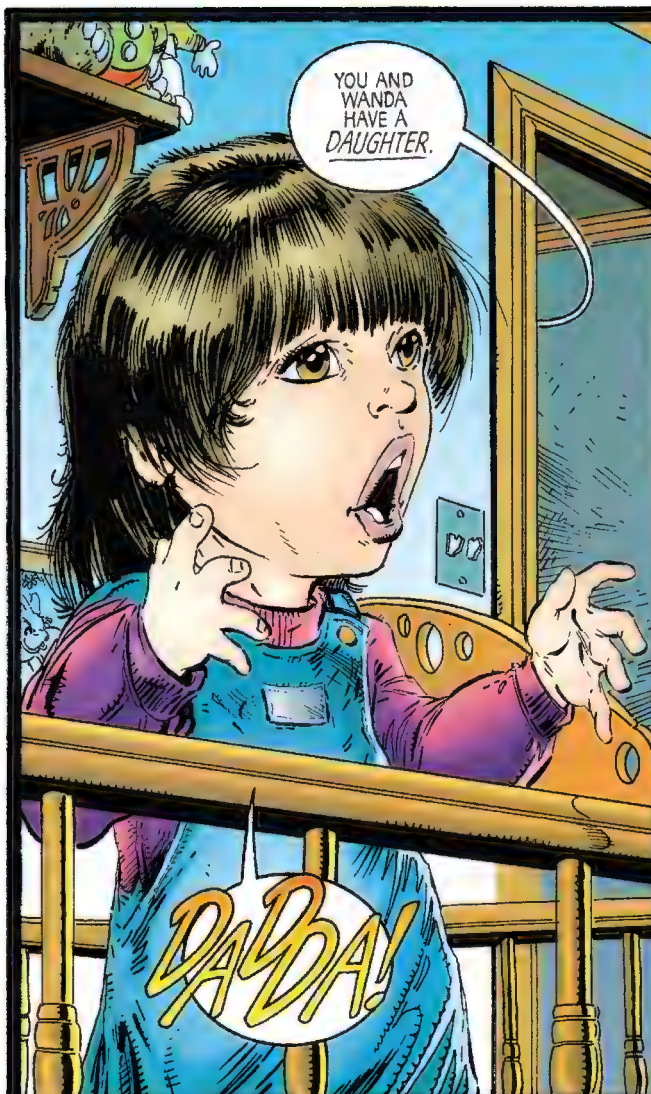
AND ABOUT A MILLION HOCKEY CARDS.

GREAT VIEW OF MOUNT HOOD. HOT TUB. SATELLITE DISH.

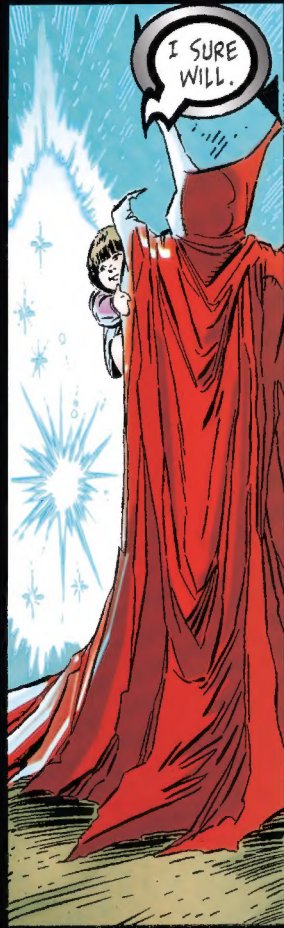
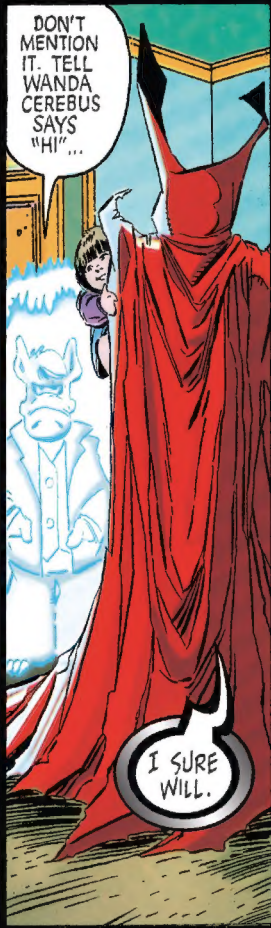
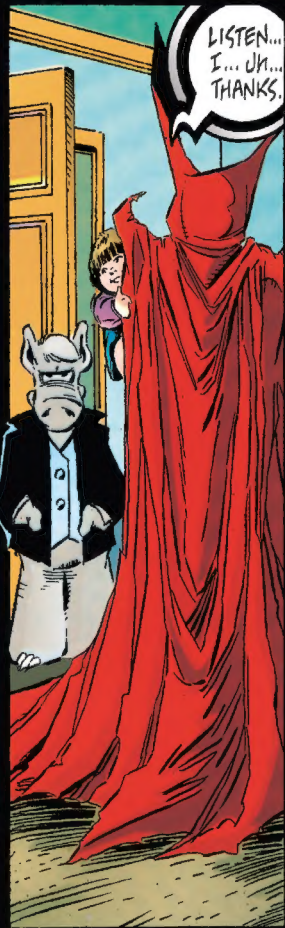
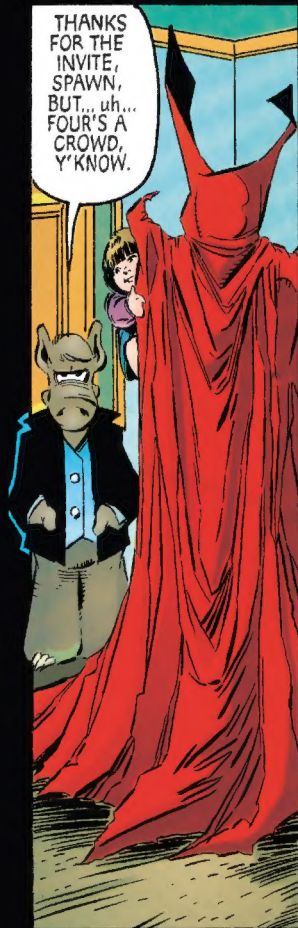
YOUR WIFE WILL BE HOME SOON. HER NAME'S WANDA, TOO. NO BIG SURPRISE.

SHE'S A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER. A REAL LOOKER, TOO. YOU'LL SEE.

OH. AND YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THIS...









SPAWN

is trademark
and copyright
Todd McFarlane

CEREBUS

is trademark
and copyright
Dave Sim

Forever

NEXT: *FRANK MILLER*





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE